Chapter 474: The Creation of a Quadrillion Clones

Sung Jin-Woo, ever a master of ingenuity and control, sought new ways to refine his divine form and minimize his overwhelming presence. Despite countless ascensions and compressions, his planetary-sized body remained a symbol of unparalleled might but also a challenge for seamless interaction across dimensions. The vastness of his being, while awe-inspiring, was a hindrance to certain plans and tasks. Determined to achieve better flexibility, Sung Jin-Woo devised an unprecedented solution.

With a single thought, Sung Jin-Woo initiated the creation of a staggering quadrillion clones. Each clone, imbued with merely a speck of dust of his original divine power, was a reflection of his infinite capabilities—an endless army of standbys, existing only to occupy portions of his power. Unlike his fifteen main clones, which were tasked with significant roles and maintained complex inner worlds, these newly created clones had no responsibilities or consciousness beyond their presence. They simply were.

To accommodate this astronomical number of clones, Sung Jin-Woo manipulated his body on a metaphysical level, creating a vast inner world within himself—a boundless dimension that existed solely to house these inert copies of his divine form. This inner world, infinite in scope, stretched beyond mortal comprehension, serving as a containment space for the quadrillion clones to exist without disrupting the balance of his being.

As the clones settled into this newly formed inner domain, Sung Jin-Woo felt an immediate shift in the flow of his power. The overwhelming energy that had once made it impossible for him to compress his form was now distributed evenly among the quadrillion specks of dust that constituted the clones. The result was astonishing—his once planetary-sized form began to shrink, folding upon itself like a star collapsing into a singularity.

Finally, Sung Jin-Woo's colossal body stabilized at a size no larger than a mighty mountain. Though still massive by mortal standards, this transformation was a monumental achievement for the True Absolute One. His divine essence, once stretched across vast expanses, was now contained within a more manageable form. His movements, once capable of shaking entire realms, became more precise and efficient.

With this newfound control, Sung Jin-Woo turned his attention to his Dominion Citadel. The castle, which had previously spanned the size of an entire solar system, was now far too vast for his reduced form. Understanding the need for balance, Sung Jin-Woo willed the Dominion Citadel to shrink, compressing its grand architecture until it spanned only the size of a continent. Despite its reduced size, the Citadel retained its splendor and majesty—its walls gleaming with divine light, its spires piercing the skies of the Godverse.

The Third World Tree, whose branches once extended across the entire Godverse, adapted seamlessly to the changes. Its branches coiled gracefully around the newly

resized Citadel, maintaining its position as the heart of life and energy within the Godverse. The divine sea beneath the Citadel shimmered with cosmic light, reflecting the changes that had occurred.

As Sung Jin-Woo surveyed his transformed domain, a sense of satisfaction washed over him. The quadrillion clones stood silently within his inner world, their mere existence ensuring that his power remained balanced and controlled. His mountain-sized form, though still imposing, granted him the freedom to move and interact without the constraints of his previous vastness.

This evolution marked a new chapter in Sung Jin-Woo's journey—a testament to his unparalleled mastery over creation, destruction, and transformation. Despite his seemingly infinite power, he continued to seek ways to refine himself, adapting to the ever-changing needs of existence.

With his body stabilized and his domain reshaped, Sung Jin-Woo stood at the center of the Godverse, ready for whatever challenges or opportunities the future might present. His journey was far from over, but for now, he relished the balance he had achieved—a perfect harmony between might and form.